

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
Mr. JOHN CENNICK:

WITH  
An ACCOUNT of the TRIALS and TEMPTATIONS, which he endured, till it pleased our Saviour to shew him his Love, and send him into his Vineyard.

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Written by himself, for their Sakes who follow the LAMB.

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O come hither, and hearken, all ye that fear God,  
and I will tell you what he has done for my soul.  
Psalms lxvi. 16.

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MDCCCLXXXIX.

P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

DEAR READER,

**T**HE reasons wherefore I publish the things hereafter written, are, that all men (to whom the Lord shall bring them) may see and hear "what God hath done for my soul;" and more especially I have hoped that those who have followed after righteousness by works (as I did), and are ready to faint, may be encouraged by my example to look only to the free mercies of God in the wounds and blood of Jesus Christ, and find peace.

My eyes are now open to see how naturally men seem to believe they must prepare themselves to come to Christ, and to heal (as it were) themselves, and then to come to the Physician; not knowing that our Saviour wants no better preparation than for us to know we are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, and without him can do nothing, but must perish. It is because I see this (and find it wrong that any should think as I have said) that I have here written mine experience. O that our dear Lord Jesus may bless it as a means of bringing others, who are labouring in the fire, to come as they are, to Jesus, who (I know) will heal all who come, of whatsoever disease they have.

It is true, our Saviour is talked of very often in our towns, and the preachers and the people mention his name often, and are called by his name, and do yet err in looking upon Jesus only as a law-giver, such a one as was Moses: who taught the Israelites, "Do this, and live." The generality of mankind do indeed believe that Jesus Christ did die for us, but yet think we have also somewhat to do: thus making his offering not sufficient, without our works joined thereto. They think we ought

ought to fast, and pray, and repent, and make good resolutions, and give alms, and keep the commandments, that we may be good or righteous: and if when we come to die, we have not done enough, we are to look to Christ to make up what is deficient or wanting in us. This, I say, is the common opinion the world has received concerning the Lamb of God; and thus many preach, "not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God;" thus it is that many poor souls are taught to build on sand; and when the day of trial comes, too late they see their error.

If we believe thus, surely we shew plainly we are ignorant of those scriptures which prove man's works do not make him good; but that it is the righteousness of Christ imputed to him, as it is written, "Our righteousness is as filthy rags." And again, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on God which justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness;" but if our works could make us righteous, what was the Lamb slain for? Why did he die, if we could save ourselves? Or how are infants saved? Or men repenting on a death-bed, or after the manner of the penitent thief? We may not say they are saved because they were not sinners, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." We may not call even infants "innocent," because they were conceived in sin and born in iniquity. Neither may we say, because of repentance dying men are saved, for then we make repentance a saviour. And we know the scripture saith, "I am the Saviour, saith the Lord, and there is none else." And again, "There is none other name given under heaven, whereby men may be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ." What then must we say of the salvation of infants, the penitent thief, and others who believe on a death-bed? why, we must own the Lord saved them freely, not for their works, but for his own name's sake. Because it pleased the Father to love them, and because Jesus died for them, therefore are they and all saved, who are saved.

If we were brought to a stand, not knowing which to believe, whether salvation by works, or by a living faith only in the blood of the Lamb, would not even the songs

of the blessed spirits that are saved be enough to convince us? Do not all in heaven renounce their own righteousness, and forbear to mention any thing they have done, and cast even the crowns, which the Lord gave them, down to the ground, saying, "Worthy is the Lamb to receive honour and blessing, who has redeemed us by his own blood out of every nation and kindred and people?" And in another place, speaking of their triumphs, is it not thus written: "They overcame him," i.e. the devil, "by the blood of the Lamb?" Also in the Hebrews the apostle spake of Jesus, saying, "He by himself having purged our sins, for ever sat down at the right hand of the majesty of God." That word, "by himself," proves none other did or can help in our salvation.

When God gave the law of works or commandments by Moses, he did not give them that men might be saved by keeping the commandments, for he before knew that man was so far degenerated and gone from his original purity and strength, that he could not keep one of all the commandments perfectly. "What!" say some, "did then God give the law to mock his creature? bid them do what he knew they could not, that he might take pleasure in their fruitless labours?" To this I answer, No: but out of love to men, God gave the law, that it might convince them of sin; for he said in giving of it, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things of the law to do them." Now when these words are applied to any man's heart, he sees he is accursed, knowing he hath not continued in all things of the law to do them; then is he awakened to see what a state he is in, and thus the law becomes a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ, that he may find righteousness in him, and escape the just condemnation passed upon him for sin.

Till by the law the sinner seeth he deserves to be damned, he cannot come to Christ; but when he hears, "If a man keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," then is he convinced of sin, and groans under the weight of it, and is heavy laden, and then is he invited to come to Christ. Then Christ makes



## P R E F A C E.

makes himself known to him, and shews the poor soul "there is now no condemnation to him, because he is in Christ Jesus;" who is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

Whosoever is taught by the law that he is accursed, or under the curse, and looks to Jesus as poor and lost, &c. he shall not perish, he shall be saved. For this end Christ came, even "to seek and save the lost; and to call (not the righteous, but) sinners to repentance."

When our Saviour saw the fall, and how no man could turn to God, or make God amends, or himself righteous, then said he to his Father, "Lo! I come." He then put on a body of flesh (in the fulness of time) like unto us, that in that body he might bear the sins of the world, and make an atonement and satisfaction for the people's transgressions: and was also obedient in all things to the law, that having wrought out thereby a perfect righteousness, he might impute it to all his seed, i. e. to "all who believe on his name." And that the children redeemed thus by the blood and cross of the Lord Jesus may know what he has done for them, he gives them the Holy Ghost the Comforter, who is a witness to them with their spirit that God is become their salvation. It is this Spirit that first teaches us to trust only to the merits and free mercy of the Lord Jesus, and to come to him for pardon. Also it is by his grace given to us that we can say, "In the Lord have I righteousness." And this is the privilege of every believer, to know in whom he has believed, and to have fellowship with God and with our Saviour Jesus Christ, and to be persuaded of his being reconciled to the Father through the cross of Jesus and by his precious blood. Of this I am assured, that Christ is made to me of God righteousness; and of this I testify boldly, that if any are convinced of the insufficiency and imperfection of their own righteousness, and wait at the mercy-seat under a due sense of their deserving hell, to them shall the righteousness of Jesus be imputed, and in that cloathing shall they attend the marriage-supper of the Lamb. This, the righteousness of Christ, is the "wedding garment, the white robe down to the foot." The Holy Ghost saith, "down to the foot," to signify that

that there should no room be left to add any righteousness of their own to it, it being altogether perfect and such as pleases God, and without which no man can be saved.

I have thus written, that all who are desirous to be happy, may know that the door and the way to the kingdom of heaven is Christ alone, and through "his grace only" can any find forgiveness of sins. All I aim to do in this (if our Saviour will permit me to be as a means) is to convince my poor brethren they must come to the Lord as they are, and be made clean and holy, and good only in our Lord Jesus Christ.

If any shall read this who are in manifold temptations and afflictions, I hope our Saviour will bless it to them, by encouraging them to come and wait for the same happy deliverance wherewith he has delivered me, and made me to glory in him. Also if any should read this who have tasted of the love of God, and do not find their experience like mine in all things, let them not therefore doubt or be afraid, but believe the difference may be only in words, and that the same work is upon them also. The language of Canaan cannot be translated into any, even the most pure tongue. Happy are they who have learned of the Father, and have been taught of God, though to the world they can only say, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." Communion with God cannot be described either by angels or men; "it is what none know, but they who have received it."

# L I F E

O F

Mr. JOHN CENNICK.

I. **M**Y father's parents, i. e. my grandfather and grandmother Cennick, were once very great traders in the clothier's way: but when George Fox and William Penn began preaching, they became Quakers, and in the days of Oliver Cromwell, and in part of King Charles's reign, they suffered the loss of all things, and were imprisoned in Reading gaol, and (I have heard my mother say) were so far reduced, that my grandmother knit or wove half-penny laces for her living, in the prison; in several \* books published by the Quakers of their sufferings, mention is made of them: but my father, after he was married to my mother, was baptized into the church I was brought up in, and from my infancy carefully instructed by my mother in the principles of religion; who also kept me strict to church, and taught me prayer morning and evening, and would not suffer me to play on the Lord's-day, but confined me to read or say hymns all day long with my sisters. This then I counted the worst of bondage, and indeed cruelty. So very prone was I to be disobedient and wicked, even when so young; I then envied other children who were not restrained as I was, and hoped, as I grew up, to get their liberty. When I was very young indeed, I remember my mother led me to see an aunt of hers who was then on her death-bed. I came first into the room where she lay, and heard her saying to the maid who attended her, "Mary, I have something to say to you; it may be you may think it a lie, but indeed it is truth. This night the Lord stood by me, and invited me to drink of the fountain of life freely; and I shall stand before the Lord bold as a lion."

\* Persecution in its open Face, &c. printed 1667. Also in an Abstract of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers, &c. printed in the year 1738, vol. II. p. 13.

I found,

I found, as she spake these words with uncommon cheerfulness, my blood chilled in my veins, and I was struck to the heart! I was set upon praying immediately that before I died I might know (as I thought my aunt did) that I should go to heaven. Soon after my mother came into the room, and hearing the dying woman shout for joy, and cry out in such assurance of faith, she drew near, and said with tears, Poor soul! My aunt scarce heard her speak but she cried out, "Who dares call me poor! I am rich in Christ! I have got Christ! I am rich!" and after this manner she rejoiced till we left her. The words she uttered indeed pierced my soul, so that I could not rest day nor night, but was wishing continually after (if I thought of death or sickness) O that I may be assured of heaven before I die! and began to fear to die greatly. These were the most early convictions I can remember; nor do I know any time between whiles till my conversion, when I did not meditate on my aunt's last words; for it was not long after I had seen her, that she slept in the bosom of the Lamb. Now although at times I was inclined to be serious, dutiful, &c. till I was about twelve or fourteen years old, I lived (as other young children) fond of play, of fine cloaths, and of praise, but afraid to swear, or to take God's name in vain.

II. My natural temper was to be obstinate, and my lips were full of lies continually; nor could any one be more furious when provoked or angered; but after my passion was over, I commonly dreaded to go to bed, lest I should drop into hell before morning. Nor did I dare to sleep till I had said my prayers, and promised God how good I would be the next day. And this was also my way of buying pardon from God, when I had sinned in any gross way, as by lying, sabbath-breaking, stealing from my school-fellows, or disobedience to my parents, being often mindful of those words, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

III. As I was taught, so I kept constant to daily prayers at St. Laurence's church in Reading (the town of



## LIFE OF MR. JOHN CENNICK.

9

of my nativity) till I was about thirteen. I went to London with an intent to be there apprenticed to some trade; but, being disappointed, I returned with my mother; and soon after, hearing of another place, I went again eight times, but still without effect; not being permitted by divine providence to agree with any, though my will was much then to be in the world promising myself great peace and many enjoyments, when I should come to be my own master. I was, at last, on trial with a carpenter; but when the time was come I should be bound, some objections were made by my master, who thought me too young, and chose to stay till the other apprentices were out of their time. Thus was I unsettled again, God having provided some better thing for me.

IV. When I came to be near fifteen, I began to be very uneasy for want of employment, and strove to find out a business in which I might work at home, and ease myself of so many fruitless journies. I began to learn two or three trades, and longed to get money, that I might have wherewith to give to the poor, and do as I pleased. I thought how religious, how thankful, and charitable I would then be; yea, and was so persuaded I should be rich, that I made a promise, and wrote it down, "To build a chapel, and erect a more strict order in the church, wherein people should fast duly according to the rubric, and sit up all night in prayer, and go plain in apparel." But when I had learnt the art of buying and selling, and laid out much money, my heart failed so that I could not consent to set up a public shop, though my mother had built one for me; no one can imagine the fear that came upon me when I thought of it; I thought if none should buy of me, I should be starved; or obliged to run away by night, and perish in solitude. Thus restrained, I worked privately, and contented myself with netting just enough for food and raiment, and yet keeping more and more to duties at church and in the closet, I said in my heart, "Here I shall be happy."

V. From about fifteen I took delight to see and read plays, and to look into histories and romances. And

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surely,

surely, had it been in my power, plays would have had all my time, and I had forgot Jesus and everlasting ages: but, being prevented for want of money, I delighted myself in reading them, in singing songs, talking of the heathen gods, of the wars of the Jews and Greeks, of Alexander the Great, and in the cursed delusion of card-playing, in seeing fights, in horse-races, in dancing-assemblies, revelling and walking with young company. Thus loving ungodliness more than goodness, and to talk of lies more than righteousness.

VI. After this way I spent my life till Easter (I believe 1735) when as I was walking hastily in Cheapside, in London, the hand of the Lord touched me. I felt at once an uncommon fear and dejection, and though all my days since I could remember, had been bitter through the strength of convictions, and the fear of going to hell; yet I knew not any weight before like this. At first I thought it might be owing to my missing the Lord's-supper on Easter-day, which I had done, because I had not opportunity to fast in the Passion-week as I would (being at my brother's house, where I thought I should be laughed at for it); and I did not dare to communicate unprepared and without the wedding-garment.

VII. I continued dull and thoughtful all the time I was in town; nor would fights and songs divert my trouble. I then thought it might be the thick, unhealthy air made me out of order, and by going into the country I should be well; but such a journey did I never take before. No sooner had I left the city, but "the terrors of the Lord came about me, and the pains of hell took hold on me." Though the sun shone beautifully, and the day was pleasant, it brought no comfort to me. I came to my house heavy and disconsolate, and would have prayed, but could not. My grief was too great, and increased night and day exceedingly. "I grew feeble and was sore smitten, and roared for the very disquietness of my heart."

VIII. I went on thus near a year, hoping to get the victory over it, tho' utterly ignorant what my distemper was; often looking back to my innocent life, and wondered why God had singled out me to make miserable:  
and

and, when I found freedom to pray, I begged the Lord to give me a friend who would join with me in religion, that in his company I might drive away my grief, and "go on my way rejoicing." Not long after I contracted an acquaintance with one who was serious, and in a short time with another, whom I soon loved better than the first; not for the regard he had to religion, but for his natural sweet disposition and merry behaviour. And now we were so pleased with each other's company, that we were never so well as when we were together, especially when the other went to Oxford, and I was generally eased of my convictions all that while we were together: for so greatly did it displease the Lord, that he then withdrew his hand, and for awhile let me alone.

IX. But it was not long before the weight returned, and whenever I was walking alone, either in the fields or roads, every thing appeared so strange and wild, that I often resolved not to look up, and wished to fly to some solitary place, where I might dwell in a cave, lying on the leaves of trees, and feeding on the natural fruits of the earth. Whoever I met, I envied their happiness. Whatever I heard, grieved me; and whatever I said or did, so troubled me, that I repented that I stirred or broke silence. If I laughed at any thing, my heart smote me immediately; and, if the occasion was a foolish jest or lie, I thought, alas! I helped to ruin not only my own soul, but the souls of others also; and such places of scripture would come in my mind, "Wo be to them that laugh now, for they shall mourn and weep." And "without are dogs, and whoso loveth or maketh a lie." And "that they all may be damned who take pleasure in unrighteousness."

X. I left off singing songs, playing at cards, seeing plays, and such like, finding plainly they were vanity of vanities. And indeed, when I looked into the world, all things seemed to be unnatural and unpleasant, as if I had been banished into a foreign land; my own town, house, and relations being all strangers to me. Then I wished strongly to get into a Romish monastery, and to spend my life in holy retirement; but the want of money for my journey seemed to prevent me from doing it.

XI. Often such a confusion of thought came upon me in bed, that I was forced to rise and walk about the chamber. If I was up, I endeavoured to overcome it by running, or eating, or talking; and when all these failed, I thought physic may do me good. And then I took physic, but, alas! the true physician I knew not. When between whiles I was somewhat easier, I began to cry "Peace to my soul: I have not been so very great a sinner as such a one: soul, be of good cheer." But my pangs soon returned, and the more I tried to quiet my accusing conscience, the more it testified against me, and my sorrows were so multiplied that I was even buried in affliction.

XII. All this while I had no power over sin, nor the least strength to resist temptation; being carnal and sold under sin, I committed it continually, though not in the eyes of the world. My chief sins were "pride, murmuring against God, blasphemy, disobedience, and evil concupiscence;" sometimes I strove against them; but, finding myself always conquered, I concluded there was no help. Then was I weary of life, and often prayed that God would hide me in the grave, or at least suffer me to be mad, that I might not be sensible of my many misfortunes. Sometimes a spark of fear and hope, and hell and heaven, would so confusedly come into my mind, that, instead of opening my mouth, I was fixing my teeth together, lest I should utter them. Then the tempter so powerfully suggested, "God looked to the heart and not to the words," that I more and more thought I was predestinated to misery everlasting. Often too as I was walking, I found such strong temptations to curse and swear, that I have stood considering whether I had not really spoken; and I have expected every moment to have the devil let loose upon me, and to fall into all manner of wickedness.

XIII. When I was at church I was generally thinking how I should in time be rich, and what a stately church I would build—how the pillars should stand, and how the altar be adorned with paintings—and in what form the communion-table should be placed, and how the windows should be painted; when the last prayer was reading,



ing, my terrors would return. My formal worship seemed plain mockery of God. I made promises to be more watchful; and, because my mind should not wander, I fixed my eyes on the devoutest of the congregation: but here also I found them to wander as before, and to envy them for being more devout than myself.

XIV. Finding so much dissatisfaction in all I did, not knowing sin from duty or convictions from temptations, and considering "the prayers of the wicked were an abomination," I at last left off to pray: scarce had I done this, but the devil persuaded me to say in my heart, "There is no God; who is God? no one ever saw him; how can I tell if there be a God or not? if there were, he would not have suffered me to endure so much, knowing how religiously I have lived from my youth." Thus I reasoned with myself till I sunk deeper and deeper; yet, whenever I read the scripture, my heart so witnessed to the truth, that I could not help saying, "Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth."

XV. The night was more burdensome than the day; I started at every thing that stirred in the dark, fancying I should see apparitions in the corners of the room, or behind me, or in my way; and being continually afraid of meeting the devil. Then it came strongly to me, "If there be no God, why am I pressed to curse him?" On which I began to pray again, yet almost in despair for the evil I had done, finding his face was still against me, and his wrath ready to swallow me up, I often despondingly said, "O why am I thy mark? Have I sinned more than all the sons of Adam? O that I had never been born, or died on the knees when I hanged yet on my mother's breast." The more I was assured of a divine Ruler by his repeated scourges, and the want of him in my heart, the more satan pressed me to believe myself quite forsaken; and when I looked up toward heaven, I said, "Ah! I have no part there! the gate of that holy city is closed to every sinner, and no impure thing can enter therein. Alas! what shall I do in the day of judgment? How shall I meet the Lord, when he shall come with ten thousand of his saints, and in flaming fire; but is there no pity with God? Must I be cast away from his eyes?"

eyes? Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious?" When no answer was given again, I ceased, and thought to bear my burden and seek no more to be released, saying to myself, "All the days of my appointed time must I wait till my change come." And mean while such clouds covered me that I stood still and fixed my heavy eyes on the trees, walls, or on the ground, amazed above measure, and often crying with a bitter cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

XVI. Among the many idle contrivances I had of escaping, one was to travel by night to Salisbury plain, and there sit or wander about without food till I should be eased of my tedious life, having fixed on midnight for the time of my setting out. I bade adieu to the world with tears. As I was eating a bit of bread (being alone) I spake thus, "I will now eat no more for ever, I shall now trouble the earth no more. I shall no more see any of my acquaintance or relations till I meet them in eternity." I then laid me down as I was, that I might be ready at the time: but God's providence so ordered that I awaked not till late the next morning, and so was again disappointed.

XVII. If ever I walked through fields where men were ploughing and sowing, &c. I used to wish to be as one of them, and because they were generally singing or whistling, I judged them the most happy of all men. Often I have resolved to sell my cloaths, and buy such as were suitable, and so go into Hampshire and hire myself to a farmer to be a plough-boy; but because I was afraid of being betrayed in my going out of town, and lest I should not learn well to harness the horses, and so provoke the men to curse me (which I knew I could not bear) my designs were stopped: yet never was I clear from such intentions hardly a day; for still I proposed going a good way from home into the farthest parts of the nation, or into Wales, and there be content to bear all hardships, which I thought I could bear better if I was where I was not known. I was purposed not to betray my religious mind to any, nor so much as shew my birth or my thoughts to one soul. I intended to read the bible in secret and to pray, but to forbear to talk of sacred things,

things, lest any should know I could read, and my case should by any means come to light. Such thoughts as these made me so uneasy and disquieted in every place, that I never knew what it was to be in the least contented with whatever I possessed. Yea I could not be thankful for any temporal blessings, because I thought myself so unsettled, and because no blessing satisfied my craving soul, or made me wish to stay behind on the earth a day. The shining of the sun, the beauty of the spring, the voice of singing, the melody of birds, the shade of trees, or the murmur of waters, afforded me no pleasure. No: all was strange and dark, and gloomy and desolate. All was "vanity and vexation of spirit:" all the earth seemed full of darkness and cruel habitations; nor could meat, drink, or raiment give me any comfort; I wanted only to know if I had any part in the Lord Jesus.

XVIII. And now a thought sometimes came, "What if I should be saved? It may be the Lord is chastening me for my good." Nay, sometimes I heard a voice as it were saying, "Behold, thou shalt bear my name before much people; and it shall come to pass that in thy days many shall be added to the Lord." To this I myself answered, "Lord, how can I bear thy name to others, who look every hour to be lost myself? Neither have I learning, nor the understanding of the scriptures." Then would it be strongly impressed upon me, "Fear not, I am with thee, and thou shalt testify of me in every place whither I shall send thee. Lo! I will be a mouth to thee, and thou shalt bear my gospel even in the midst of the streets." But this being then an unheard-of thing, I regarded it not, and was soon as heavy as before.

XIX. After I had been thus afflicted and grieved near two years, the temptation to think "I should never die, or live to a great age," so prevailed upon me, that instead of asking for mercy, I asked hourly for death; yea, and desired to break into eternity, though at the hazard of falling into hell. My continual prayer was out of Herin. Hugo.

"O Lord my God, some kind relief afford,  
Grant some kind poison, or some friendly sword;  
Thy mercy, death, is all I thee implore,  
O grant it soon, lest I blaspheme thy power."

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These thoughts I often cherished by rising at midnight and looking out at the window, contemplating the solemnity of the night, and the profound silence of the morning-watch. If then I heard a dog bark, trembling I answered, "So God accounts of my prayers." If I heard the owl, I thought, "I am also become like an owl in the desert."

XX. When I found any freedom, I read in the scriptures, and used to think the testimony of Christ, the promises, &c. were doubtless sweet and precious to such as our Saviour loved, but I thought, "They are nothing to me; I have no part in them." Yea I generally opened upon such places as made most against me, and seemed to read my utter condemnation; so that often I have been afraid to open the testament, lest I should see more threatenings than I had seen already; and sometimes I have thrown down the book spitefully, when I saw no comfort there for me, and owned, "What have I to do with thee?" and then in unmeasured grief look toward heaven, and wonder what I was spared out of hell for. Many times I have looked on the scriptures as very tasteless, insipid, and unpleasant, and thought other books better by far; yet believed there were riches in the word for others who had the Spirit of God to understand it; but to me, all beside the law, and the judgments, and the terrors, were like a book sealed, so that I could not read it (as I thought) to profit by it at all.

XXI. I remember at one time every error in doctrine or judgment I heard of, staggered me and made me question if it were not right, and asked often in my mind, "How do I know the Roman-Catholics are wrong?" Or, "How do I know if the Jews be not in the right way?" Or, if these are not, for all I know the Quakers may." But yet if any came in my way and disputed these errors, I had always from scripture to gainsay and withstand their arguments: yea I pleaded often for those truths of which I doubted myself, and could not help mightily defending the faith of the church, and of the scripture, tho' I stood in fear lest both should be but delusion.

XXII. In these temptations I was at times for many months; and besides these, I had such that I dare not mention,



mention, they are more than many can possibly believe, and the writing of them might stagger many who are weak. "God, thou knowest my simplicity, and my faults are not hid from thee."

XXIII. As I was yet pressed down with convictions of sin, and the fear of God's wrath, and the dreadful looking for of judgment; pride in apparel and spirit, lust, covetousness and passion, still most ruled in my captive spirit: against these I strove, by fasting long and often, and prayed kneeling nine times a day; and the week before the communion I spent as much time as possible in works of mortification and self-denial, eating only once a day, viz. in the evening; and from Friday breakfast I ate not till Sunday noon, when I received the bread and wine. Also on some days I lived only upon bread and water; and when I thought that was too good for a christian, I would not eat till the bread was hard and dry, and at last I thought that was too good, and then I boiled and baked potatoes, and eat them: also I eat acorns, leaves of trees, crabs, and grass; and wished often heartily that I could bring myself to live only upon roots and herbs. But when I had done all which was in my power to do, and found no relief, I was convinced salvation was not of works. No alms, or fastings, or prayers, or watchings could cover my naked soul from almighty wrath. I hated my righteousness, loathed my prayers, and could truly say, I am unprofitable, and my righteousness as filthy rags: yea, and amidst all my words such terror came upon me as made me sweat and quake exceedingly.

XXIV. Yet in all I suffered I dreaded turning back into the world more than my present affliction; nay, more than the thoughts of hell; and was bent to go forward and perish at the feet of Jesus. Accordingly, for his sake, I now resolved to part with the only friend I had; having heard him openly blaspheme the Lord that bought him, and deny his God: I therefore wholly refrained from his company, and in few days we became strangers to each other. This proved a great trial, but though I was tempted thereto, I durst never heal the breach, or renew my friendship.

C

XXV. When

XXV. When we wholly parted, and I had thrown off all thoughts of being free again, the storm so long gathering fell upon me; the arrows of the Almighty so pierced my heart, that I could not tell if I should be out of hell a moment. All the sins that ever I had done were set before me; all my secret acts of uncleanness, my theft, lyes, and evil words stared me in the face, and cried continually, "Thou art the man: thou art the soul that hast rejected God, and lo his wrath abideth upon thee." O the torment I then endured! I hated every body I saw, but especially them of my own house. I was disobedient and without natural affection. I said, "Surely I am a reprobate. God hath loved every man but me."

XXVI. To this were added trials of all kinds: my employment was to measure land with a gentleman of Reading; and in the harvest, and other times of leisure, I bought things of several sorts, and sold them again retail. But now altogether my business failed, my friends looked cold, and enemies increased; if any one spoke to me, it was like a sword cutting my heart, especially if they spake sharply: all my hope, even in the present life, was taken away. I thought I must starve with hunger here, and be tormented for ever hereafter. Judge, ye that read, what I passed through. My own house behaved as though they knew me not; and all mine acquaintance condemned me; so that I even wished I had never enquired after God, nor heard of the salvation of Jesus.

XXVII. I envied now more than ever them who were fallen asleep in death; these, I thought are now at rest. They know sorrow no more, their tears are wiped away, all their travail is at an end. If there were infants or children where I was, I pitied their fate, being born into such a world, and rejoiced when I heard they were dead. Yea, when I beheld the state of insects, birds, beasts, &c. I wished I was half so happy as they, who, after a short life, remain in silence.

XXVIII. Quite forlorn and destitute, finding prayers, and tears, and cries in vain, about the beginning of August 1737 I began to resign myself, in the midst of my distress, to the wise disposal of God. I gave up my desires,

fires, my will, and remains of hope ; being content to go down to hell (as God should please) either in life or death. I found I was willing upon any terms to be saved, but was convinced I deserved hell, and so bowed to the justice of God.

XXIX. I waited many hours silently upon God ; and, if I broke silence, cried unto Jesus to remember his blood, and tears, and sufferings ; and if there was room for me in his favour, to reveal it to me. I no more said, Lord, remember how innocent I have lived ; nor thanked him because I was better than another, but pleaded the great oblation and sacrifice of Christ crucified ; I intreated mercy for his sake alone ; I knew my guilt, and was dumb before my God ; often repeating these words of Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

XXX. I was still bent to go into some solitary place, that I might there find the happiness of waiting on God. Though I had often before been hindered, I resolved to try once more, and fixed for it the 7th day of September 1737. I payed every one to whom I owed any thing, intending to take a bible and common prayer-book, with Hugo's Emblems, and prayed my journey might be prosperous. As I lay awake on the 6th day, strange heaviness came upon me, and when I arose it continued. My mind was full of fear and trouble, and I was I think more dejected than ever ; I purposed notwithstanding to to be gone before the next sun-rising. While I was sitting and reflecting thereon, the saint-bell rang at St. Lawrence's church for prayers. At first I was careless about going, but considering what the people would say and what they would think, if I missed church when I was in town ; and that it might stagger some, fearing I was negligent or gone back ; I concluded in my own breast to go. And when I was risen up, I again thought I shall be far enough off about this time to-morrow, and I may as well forbear to go now ; it is but once, and there is no good there for me, I may as well keep my place and be content. I sat down again, but was so uneasy that I was obliged to get up and go. I went out like some outcast into a foreign land ; my heart was ready to burst ; my soul at the brink of hell, above measure disconsolate

and heavy. Had any met me, my countenance would have betrayed me, as well as low voice and tears. When I had entered the church, and fallen on my knees, I began murmuring (as I did often) because my cross seemed more heavy than ever was laid on any one beside; and how untroubled all the children of God passed to heaven, and how full of terror I must go down to hell! And I was as if the sword of the Lord was dividing asunder my joints and marrow, my soul and spirit; till near the end of the Psalms, when these words were read, "Great are the troubles of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all! And he that putteth his trust in God shall not be destitute:" I had just room to think, who can be more destitute than me? when I was overwhelmed with joy, and I believed there was mercy. My heart danced for joy, and my dying soul revived! I heard the voice of Jesus, saying, I am thy salvation. I no more groaned under the weight of sin. The fears of hell were taken away, and being sensible that Christ loved me, and died for me, "I rejoiced in God my Saviour."

XXXI. This joy and peace in believing filled me about three or four hours; and I began to vow everlasting obedience, and how faithfully I would stand for the Lord all the days of my life. "In this my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved; thou, Lord, hast made my hill so strong! But it was not long before he hid his face, and I was troubled." Satan was suffered to buffet me violently, and to suggest, Where is now thy God? how do I know but this is delusion? May it not be the Lord has shewed me this as an aggravation to my torment, when I am cast away! My horrors were so great, that I sweated, prayed, and cried aloud for mercy! And when I saw no help, I drank the cup which my Father had given me; and I said (submitting myself to his righteous will) "If the Lord is pleased to cast me off, I am content; I would willingly sit down with the saints in the kingdom: but God's will be done."

XXXII. About three days after I was sitting thoughtful in an inner room, and in the multitude of my temptations, I imagined that the dull weather might add to my



my grief; scarce had I thus thought ere the sun (which had not shone for some time) shined beautifully from the clouds; and the voice of God witnessed at that instant: "Thus shall the Sun of righteousness arise on thee." I believed the promise, and found the love of God again shed abroad in my heart; I saw clearly the will of the Lord in calling me through much tribulation, and I said gladly, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble."

XXXIII. I felt great and settled peace daily from this time, and whenever I found temptations, I prayed, and knew always that scripture true, "God will hear them speedily, who cry day and night unto him." When I laid me down in bed, I laid as in the everlasting arms; and when I rose in the morning, the Lord was present; and often my lips have been uttering words of prayer, before I well knew whether I was sleeping or waking. Clouds indeed often passed over my mind, yet at times I had so clear communion with Jesus, that I have spent the day, and forgot how the time passed away, and could no more doubt of his presence in my heart, than of the shining of the sun when I beheld him in his strength; God bearing witness often with the promises of the gospel in my spirit, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" only my bliss was not abiding, I rested not in the full participation of Jesu's love: but as a cordial was it given to my soul when I was weary and cried for rest in my pilgrimage; or, after the tempter was departed from me; or, in the trials which I had from my own family; but all the dissatisfaction or coldness which came from them, only served to wean me more and more from the world, and the things of the world. "O that, I may never love father, or mother, or house, or land, more than thee!"

XXXIV. About the latter end of the year 1738 one lent me a part of Mr. Whitfield's journal, to whom I was then a stranger, and much against my will I read it; for I feared to read any books save the Bible and Hugo's Emblems. But when I read the place where he mentions the woman who had been in the pangs of the new-birth,

birth, my heart cleaved to him, believing him not unacquainted with that bitter cup, the dregs of which I had long been drinking. I laid down the book, and went straitway into an upper chamber to pray, if by any means God would permit me to come to the knowledge of this man. When I was on my knees I prayed and said, "O Lord Jesus, who knowest well the sorrow of my troubled spirit, who alone canst give me a companion in my way to thee, permit me to be intimate with this thy servant now sent forth to preach thy gospel in other lands: incline him to stoop to hear me, and to speak humbly to me, and so join us together, that together we may be accounted worthy to rest in the kingdom of God for ever." Before I rose up, the Lord answered me; yea, while I was speaking, God shewed me how I should be conversant with him and be beloved by him; verily I believed this, and rejoiced when I thought the day would soon bring it to pass.

XXXV. Soon after I was invited to a gentlewoman's to supper, where were present her son and another young gentleman from Oxford. In the evening I was asked to play at cards; I waved it and desired to be excused, being so afraid of snares that I trembled at them. I was still urged, because there was no harm in it; and I as often refused, saying, "I believed at best it was mispending the time." Then the young gentleman answered, "There is just such a stupid religious fellow in Oxford; one Kinchin, whose brother is of our college, and was once as foolish as he, but is much otherwise now." The news so rejoiced my heart, that from that day I was not at rest till I should see him. My mouth was full of thanksgiving and praises, that I was not left in a wide world alone, but had now the hope of having a companion. This was all the character I had of him, and in the midst of my joy at these tidings I forgot his name; but remembering he had a brother in Trinity College with mine acquaintance, I despaired not of being happy in his company on this side Paradise. With this hope, on a wet Monday, after the morning service at St. Mary's, Reading, I began my journey to Oxford: the enemy was not wanting to persuade me to return  
back,

back, and especially when I was within sight of the city, asking, "What am I going for? To seek an unknown person, not knowing his name nor his college? What would the world say, if they knew my errand?" At the brow of the hill, three or four miles on this side, I stood and prayed thus: "O Lord God of Israel, who didst direct the servant of Abraham to find a wife for his master Isaac, when he sought her in a strange country; direct me, I pray thee, that I may find out this man; and make my way prosperous to thy glory, and let his heart be open to speak kindly to me for thy sake." When I ceased, the tempter departed from me for a season, and I went on my way, through much rain and wind, till I came wet to my skin into St. Clement's in the evening; and there my lodging was so cold and hard, that I was almost in as bad a condition as if I had lain in the street. I rose early, and, feeling the air excessive sharp, could scarce help wishing I had staid at home: and, indeed, thought of returning without seeking any farther. But while I thought on these things the Lord gave me courage to go on, and in his name I went out to Trinity-College; and, having found my acquaintance, I desired him to mention the names of all the scholars and commoners of his college: he began, and soon named Kinchin. When I answered, that is the name: he said, he has a brother a Methodist, a fellow of Corpus-Christi-College. I then took my leave of him, and went to see what the Lord would do with me. I soon found the college, but Mr. Kinchin was from home; yet, considering it might not be long ere he returned, I waited in the cloisters of the College, and in the new buildings, till cold, weary, and hungry. After eight in the evening I returned back to my uncomfortable lodging. In the morning I was again tempted to go home without seeking any farther; but, considering it was not far out of my way, I yet resolved to try once more. After I had prayed for prosperity I went on, and, when I came to Mr. Kinchin's room, found him just going out to breakfast. I asked him if his name was Kinchin? he told me, Yes. I said, Sir, I heard you was despised on the same account with me, and should be glad to speak with you  
a quarter

a quarter of an hour. He then spake kindly unto me, and having bidden me to come in, asked me if I would join in prayer with him? I told him, with all my heart; when he prayed to God to bless my coming, and to prepare the words which should be spoken to his own glory. After prayer I talked with him some time, yet afraid to mention my temptations and trials, lest he should think them incredible. He asked me if I would go to breakfast with him in Bear-lane, to which I consented; and as soon as breakfast was ended, he desired I would stay while he went to visit a sick person, and he would return. I then began to fall into a discourse with the woman (at whose house we were) to whom I told much of my experience; after which she related somewhat of her own, not unlike mine. She asked me if I told Mr. Kinchin this, and earnestly pressed me to do it. Presently came Mr. Kinchin with two other gowmsmen, before whom I spake of the Lord's dealings with me; and also before a little society, who rejoiced greatly, and blessed God that he had thus far directed me.

XXXVI. By this means I got acquainted with many of the Lord's people; among whom were Mr. John and Charles Wesley, Mr. Hutchins, and Mr. Whitefield; in all which I saw the hand of the Lord clearly; especially in my being intimate with the latter, which was after this way. I heard of his being come to London, and because he should not be gone, I set out from Reading in the dusk of the evening and walked all night. I enquired for him at Mr. Hutton's at Temple-bar early in the morning. They told me he would be there at eight of the clock, and about that time I met my dear brother, and fell on his neck and kissed him. I stayed with him several days, and our communion was sweet continually. When I purposed returning, I told him I had a mind to visit the brethren at Bristol. He told me, Mr. John Wesley was going to build a school in Kingwood, for the use of the colliers' children, and asked if I was willing to be one of the masters there. The thing seemed to be of God, and I was obedient; and, having took my leave of him, I came to Reading, which lay in my road to Bristol. On Whit-Monday, June 11, 1739, I set out  
from



from thence on foot with one of the brethren of London, and though we were stayed by the rains and the bad roads, yet we reached to Sandy-lane the first night; the people of the place were in bed before we came; the inns as well as private houses refusing us room, we lay down in an old stable in a yard. The cold wind which blew all night, and our want of victuals, made us go forward early to the next place, and about the close of Tuesday we got safe into Bristol.

XXXVII. The brethren received us as became christians; and, after the society was ended at Baldwin-street, with several others we went to Mr. Wesley's chamber, who was that morning gone for London, being sent for in haste. I here spent my time (having every thing provided for me by those whom he had desired to receive me as his own self) till Thursday (as far as I had power) in waiting upon God. When I was asked by some to go to Kingswood, to hear a young man read a sermon to the colliers, I readily consented, having been desirous to see the people of that place of a long time.

XXXVIII. When we were come to the place (which was under a sycamore-tree near the intended school) we waited some time among the colliers, who were seriously attending round the tree, in number about four or five hundred, till the young man should come. But while he delayed beyond the appointed time, a gentlewoman of St. Philip's Plain, and a young man who came with us, desired me to read a sermon or expound a chapter, I had no power to refuse or gainsay; and, though I was naturally fearful of speaking before company, (having never done such a thing as this), yet so much was I pressed in spirit to testify the salvation of Jesus to the people, that I fell on my knees and besought the Lord to be with me in the work, and prevent me if his Majesty was offended.

XXXIX. Scarce had we ended prayer, when the young man came who was to read; and, though he was urged to begin by many friends, yet he could not consent, but intreated me, if I was inclined, to expound. Yet, after all this, I was afraid, lest the Lord should not teach me what to say. Again I prayed; and, finding  
D great

great freedom, I then tarried no longer, but rose up and went to the congregation, the Lord bearing witness with my word, infomuch that many believed in that hour.

XL. On Friday I again expounded part of St. James's epistle at White-Hill, about a mile distant from the school, where many behaved in the most devout way I ever had seen. Tears fell from many eyes. And when we had joined in singing an hymn we parted, and were brought on our way home by several of the colliers.

XLI. On Sunday, June 17, I expounded again, under the sycamore-tree, the first chapter of St. John's gospel, and in the afternoon I discoursed to about four thousand on the day of judgment from the thirteenth of St. Mark. Here also the power of God was present, and his word did not fall to the ground.

XLII. Thus I continued expounding and preaching to the colliers and to their children, and sometimes in the societies in Bristol, especially at one in Nicholas-street, till Mr. Wesley returned from London, who, although he was desired by many to forbid me, rather encouraged me, and often took sweet counsel together with me as friends. This part of my life, through the joy I found in my first love, and the union which was among the brethren, seemed to be the most happy of all, while the flourishing state of the societies seemed to presage some glorious days at hand, in which I thought I shall see greater things than these.

XLIII. After some time Mr. Charles Wesley came into Bristol, and then I went to live altogether at Kingswood among the colliers, and scarce ever came to Bristol, unless to supply Mr. Wesley's place there while he went to London or into any other town to preach. While I preached constantly at Kingswood in the year of our Saviour 1739, and in the year 1740, we enjoyed sweet peace, and had many remarkable meetings at the school, at Kendleshire, Syson, Bridget, Hambrook, Tockington, Elverton, Westerleigh, also at Hanham, and on the Causey. At some of these places God hath often appeared wonderful, both in shedding abroad his love in the hearts of the people by the Holy Ghost, and also in awakening souls, and calling them to seek him. Neither do I re-  
member

member any time in those days when God was not pleased to bless our assemblies abundantly.

XLIV. About Christmas, 1740, a difference in doctrines broke out between Mr. Wesley's and me; they believed and taught many things which I thought was not according to the gospel, neither to mine own experience; and in a very little time, while I was preaching in several parts of Wiltshire, Mr. John Wesley took the entire possession of Kingswood school, and I was forbid to preach there any more, neither from that time did I. And not long after, when I and some of the colliers had met apart to consider on these things, and to lay them before the Lord, the rest of the society, who held Mr. Wesley's doctrines, were so offended, that they would not let Mr. Wesley rest till he openly put me, and those few who believed my word, out of the society, though, I believe, against his will.

XLV. When we were separated, we were in number twelve men and twelve women; and, having a house just by where we had the liberty to meet, we sat down and wept and cried to the Lord, because we believed a breach was made that day in Israel. Here we afterward enjoyed many sweet and precious seasons of divine power. Our Saviour often was pleased to be present with us, and in a short time so increased our company that we were about one hundred and twenty; and in these days many villages in Wiltshire received the word gladly, such as Castle-Comb, Foxham, Clack, Lineham, Brinkworth, Dancy, Sutton, Segery, Sommerford, &c. where the differences never once were known till Mr. Whitefield came from America and joined the brethren and with me; neither, after they knew it, did it make any stir (as it were) in all that country; so graciously did our Saviour deal by them and by me.

XLVI. Not long after Mr. Whitefield came into England, a Tabernacle was built to preach in near Moorfields; and, while he went into the country, I went first to London to preach, and began to find favour in the eyes of the people more and more: at which time Mr. Harris and Mr. Humphreys openly joined with us, as did a little before Mr. Adams of Hampton in Gloucestershire.

shire. All these were preachers. In so little a time,  
 "how hath the Lord gathered and increased his people!  
 O my God, let me never forget what thou hast done for  
 me, and how thou hast had compassion upon me, and  
 from many troubles hast at last brought me out into a  
 wealthy place."

XLVII. On the fourteenth day of June, 1739, the  
 burden of the Lord came upon me, and I began to open  
 my mouth to testify of Jesus Christ, and, according to  
 his word, he has been with me, and become a mouth to  
 me; and, through his abundant love, has kept me from  
 all doubts, and fears, and murmurings, touching my  
 faith in the blood of the Lamb, and my good hope in  
 him, and in a settled peace passing all understanding. I  
 now wait till the Lord Jesus, my master, shall call me  
 from his vineyard to sit down in his everlasting sabbath.  
 And of this I am well persuaded, that when I have done  
 the work for which I am sent, I shall be no more a stran-  
 ger upon the earth, but shall be caught up to Abraham's  
 bosom, and be a fellow-citizen with the saints in the  
 kingdom of my Father, and in the land of Canaan, and  
 in the New Jerusalem shall I reign for ever and ever !  
 Amen.

Thus far hath God helped me.

**W**ELL may I say, my life hath been

One scene of sorrow and of sin :  
 From early days I griefs have known,  
 And, as I grew, my griefs have grown.

2. Dangers were always in my path,  
 And fears of death, and endless wrath :  
 While pale dejection in me reign'd,  
 I often wept, by grief constrain'd.

3. When parted from my company,  
 Or when I laid my pleasures by,  
 How hath uncommon dread prevail'd !  
 And sighs no more would be conceal'd.

4. I often to divert me strove,  
 And try'd my troubles to remove :  
 I sung, and utter'd sighs between ;  
 Assay'd to stifle guilt with sin.



## LIFE OF MR. JOHN CENNICK.

89

5. But oh ! not all that I could do  
Would stop the current of my woe :  
Convictions still my vileness shew'd !  
How great my guilt ! how gone from God !

6. Prevented that I could not die,  
Nor might to one kind refuge fly ;  
Just like the orphan did I mourn ;  
Forfook by all, and left forlorn.

7. Though ev'ry day I wail'd my fall,  
Three years of grief exceeded all !  
No rest I knew ! a slave to sin !  
With scarce a spark of hope between !

8. From ev'ry mortal eyelid veil'd,  
My heart I kept, my grief conceal'd ;  
Till eighteen tedious years were o'er,  
In secret all my crosses bore.

9. To none but the omniscient eye  
Would I unlock my misery :  
Nor even to my friends impart,  
The close distemper of my heart.

10. The world beheld my chearful mien  
(Nor guess'd my woe, to all unseen)  
They by appearance judg'd ; nor knew  
The troubles that I waded through.

11. Lust, anger, blasphemy, and pride,  
With legions of such ills beside,  
Troubled my thoughts ; while doubts and fears  
Clouded and darken'd all my years.

12. Quite tir'd at last, I sat me down  
Some distance from my native town,  
Yet within sight ; near where the Thames  
Glides silent by in fruitful streams.

13. Sighs now no more would be confin'd,  
They breath'd the trouble of my mind :  
I wish'd for death ! and check'd the word,  
And pray'd despairing for the Lord !

14. Unhappy more than all on earth  
I thought the place that gave me birth :  
Sadness, and strangest thoughts me fill'd,  
As I its ragged \* walls beheld.

15. Much

\* The Abbey walls.

15. Much like the buildings I appear'd;  
Greatly demolish'd, yet 'twas spar'd:

One for its ancient worth and fame,  
But O! my ancient boast was shame.

16. Why I was spar'd (so nigh to hell!)  
God only knew! I could not tell:

But thought—such as is yonder wall,  
I stand decaying since the fall.

17. Should that be razed to the ground,  
Its happy end would there be found:

But I (when driven hence) must be  
Condemn'd to all eternity.

18. Close by the hill (my seat) there stood  
The ruins of a noted wood:

Among whose trees, beneath whose shade,  
The birds their habitation made.

19. While I was musing, nigh despair,  
'They sung—and I awhile gave ear,

Reflecting 'midst their harmony,  
How blest is ev'ry one but me!

20. No care of future life or woe,  
Nor grief, nor sin, they ever know:

When death declares their destiny,  
In silence they shall ever lie.

21. Thus all things added to my pain,  
And still compell'd me to complain:

Till sable clouds began to rise,  
And gather in the Eastern skies.

22. Call'd now to bid the fields adieu,  
I rose oppress'd and heavy too:

Wishes for rest employ'd my tongue,  
But O! my journey yet was long.

23. Home to my house unhelp'd I went,  
Bewailing still my banishment:

The house, alas! no rest could yield,  
Still comfortless as was the field.

24. Weary with travail, yet unknown  
To all but God and me alone:

Yet nine long months for peace I strove,  
A stranger still to ease and love.

25. Har-

25. Harden'd in grief, inur'd to woe,  
Train'd up in fears and perils too :  
I said, It ever thus must be,  
No quiet is permitted me.

26. Hard hap! and more than heavy lot,  
Estrang'd from peace, by God forgot :  
That I must bear (by heav'n consign'd)  
The terrors of a troubled mind.

27. Strivings and wrestlings found I vain,  
Nothing I did could stay my pain :  
Then gave I up my works and will,  
Resign'd to share in heaven or hell.

28. Like some poor pris'ner at the bar !  
Conscious of guilt, of sin and fear ;  
Arraign'd, and self-condemn'd I stood,  
Lost in the world, and in my blood !

29. Yet here midst blackest clouds confin'd,  
A beam from Christ the day-star shin'd :  
Surely, thought I, if Jesus please,  
He freely can restore me peace.

30. He dy'd for sinners! I am one!  
May be he did for me atone :  
Though I am nothing else but sin,  
He (if he will) can make me clean !

31. Thus light came in, and I believ'd !  
Myself forgot, and help receiv'd !  
My Saviour then I know I found !  
And, press'd by guilt, no more I groan'd.

32. O happy hour! in which I ceas'd  
From man ; for then I found a rest !  
No longer was my Lord unknown !  
Thy light, O Jesus, in me shone !

33. I ign'rant of thy righteousness,  
Set up my labours in its place !  
Forgot for why thy blood was shed,  
And pray'd, and fasted in its stead.

34. Bless'd be thy name, for now I know  
I and my works can nothing do :  
The Lord alone can ransom man,  
For this the spotless Lamb was slain.

35. What

## LIFE OF MR. JOHN CENNICK.

35. When sacrifices, works and pray'r,  
Prov'd vain, and ineffectual were,  
"Lo! then I come," the Saviour cry'd,  
And bleeding bow'd his head, and dy'd!

36. He dy'd for all who ever saw  
No help in them, nor by the law:  
I this have seen; and glad I own,  
"Salvation is by Christ alone!"

**F I N I S.**

25 AP 65